Fashion's Fancies...

MILLINERY NOTES.

A Cruel Thing, and Yet the Fair and Tender Sex Demand It.

Notwithstanding the protests of the merciful and the active opposition of influential women, who disdain a fashion which seems to justify so much cruelty, the slaughter of the innocents still goes on. An enormous traffic is carried on in birdskins and colored feathers, of which London and Paris are the two great marts of supply. One famous dealer in London n known to receive in one single consignment 32,000 dend hamming birds,



80,000 skins of different aquatic birds and

800,000 pairs of wings of different small and brilliantly colored birds, while a similar Parisian dealer advertises for a contract to supply 40,000 for one special

The early importations of fall millinery are now on exhibition and are, most of them, exceedingly pretty. A great deal of velvet is used on them and much lace, both light and heavy, in white, tinted and black. Moire is beginning to fall into the background, satin taking its place. There was a time when flowers, even of silk and velvet, were considered out of place on a winter hat, but fashion finally abolished that notion, and flowers may now be worn at all seasons, as is freshly evidenced by these new articles of headwear.

The new felts are as brilliant and diverse in tints as are the gowns with which they may be worn. Besides various shades of rose, red, green, brown and purple there are shown bluet and petunia shades of the brightest quality. In some of the shapes these colors are combined with black in a way that tones them down somewhat a hat with a bluet crown having a black brim with a bluet border, or vice versa. These two toned shapes will be apt to be more effective when properly trimmed than those of solid color.

The illustration shows a toque of ruby velvet. It has a narrow, upright brim covered with guipure. A chou of pearl velvet, with lace, trims the front, while at the back are several velvet choux, from the midst of which spring two black ostrich feathers.

ON THE BOULEVARD.

Pretty Things That May Be Seen In a

The Parisian is a viveur, but there is one thing he is not, and that is a shop- plaids, both large and small, mixed goods, of the gigot sleeves keeper, says a recent writer on Parisian | boucle goods, and goods with a pattern of life, who evidently does not hold to generally accepted ideas. A stroll along the boulevard soon demonstrates that the art | bining with plain stuff than for making of window dressing still leaves room for improvement. The Parisienne never goes out shopping to satisfy her curiosity, or to 'have a look around," or to kill time, or | favor. It has already outlived its useful-"price" goods. Before setting out to make a purchase she has exactly determined on ly rendered shabby by dampness and wear. what she requires. She does not trouble the young man behind the counter with a vague description of pattern or material.



MYRTLE GREEN GOWN. in the search for which he turns over bales upon bales of goods on the counter, to be finally told that the fair purchaser cannot at all see what she wants. The French callect would not stand that, so madame enters, shows a small pattern of asks for exactly what she wants, gets & and returns home, with the result that persuasive powers on the part of the shopman, cheapness of price as an inducement to purchase and so forth are not needed, and, although keenly alive to the advantages of seizing upon a bonne occasion, or "bargain," she does not give trouble for noth-

Perhaps it is because the Parisienne has the dry goods instinct developed to such perfection that she is so ideal a customer. However simple her mode of selections may be, she has a keen eye to the true money value of what she buys, and it would be difficult to overreach her. But the chief charm of her gowns is their Parisian quality and not their cost. Only Paris could produce such a costume as that shown in the sketch, for instance. It is of myrtle green glace silk, the plain skirt being covered half way up with an application of heavy cream lace. The round waist is shirred lengthwise and has a yoke of the same lace bordered with a frill of cream mousseline de soie. The balloon elbow sleeves are faished with a similar frill. The choux and the puffing that borders the lace on the skirt are of silk, like the gown.

Cyclone in Mauritius. At 8 p. m. on April 29, 1892, the Island of Mauritius had lost its beauty, the cane its promise, the planter his hopes and the gardens their charms. A short twenty-four hours had sufficed to perpetrate this end, and fortunate had it been could the mischief have stopped there, for the soil a fertility cannot be affected by a storm, and the soil of Mauritius is pre-eminently fertile and recuperative; but 1,100 people had been killed, 2,000 had been wounded; one-third of the capital had wounded; one-taird of the capital had been leveled to the ground; thirty out of fifty churches and chapels had been de-molished or rendered useless; sugar mills had been wrecked, crushing mercilessly

stood, and some 50,000 homeless people were left to seek for shelter and food, which a few hours before they were quietly enjoying, through their own exertions and labor.-Blackwood's Magazine.

Drowning Sensations. As there is a considerable discussion in regard to death by drowning, I offer my experience. I used to go swimming with the other boys, but could never learn to swim well. Hence, one day, when playing on some logs that were quite a distance from shore, I fell off and came near drowning. I struggled desperately of course and tried to swim, but could not, and was sinking for the third time when I was rescued. Just before I had given myself up for lost everything I ever thought or did seemed to pass with lightning speed before me, and it was as though I could separate the evil things from the good ones of my past life. The sensation was torturing rather than pleasant, I can assure you. My brother, who witnessed my struggling, could never forget the utterly despairing expression of my face.-Alexander Macauley in New York Sun.

WOOL GOWNS.

Autumn Styles In a Great Variety of Weights and Weaves,

The autumn importations of wool and silk and wool goods are beautiful and varied. In black goods alone there are shown a great number of different weights and weaves, crepon effects, stripes and figures being all seen. Plain goods also, benrietta, serge and the new waterproof material called cravenette-a hard twisted lightweight stuff that does not crumple-are fashionable, while on entering the domain of color so large a field for choice is opened that it is confusing to a woman who has not previously decided upon what she requires. A wide variety of two toned woolen goods is shown in all tints, figured and plain, woven on the same prin tiple as changeable silk, while in solid colored materials covert cloth and serge, with smooth finished cloth, are in the ma



WOOL AND VELVET COSTUME.

one color laid on a ground of another. These last materials are better for comup into entire gowns. Velvet and satin re-employed for trim-

ming, moire having begun to decline in A good quality of satin or peau de sole is the most serviceable of silk goods. Spangled passementerie has fallen greatly in price, which may be taken as an indication that it is no longer esteemed by fashion authorities. It would naturally decline with moire, as it belongs to the same era of glitter.

A sketch is given of a pretty wool gown of bluet and beige goods. The skirt has two large plaits at the back and opens over a panel of bluet velvet. The round bodice is crossed in front and confined by a velvet belt fastened with a gold buckle The back has two velvet brotelles terminating in two long ends falling over the The vest and revers are of velvet, the latter being trimmed with gold and black spangled lace. The gigot sleeves are

VARIOUS ITEMS.

If You Are Thin, Eat Peanuts, and if Wrin kled Don't Worry.

Peanuts, long despised as vulgar and indigestible, are now stated to be a healthful and valuable article of food and are recommended to thin women as an easily obtained and inexpensive fattening diet. If you would avoid wrinkles, care not only for your skin, but your nerves. Control your temper and do not try to have a

too expressive and vivacious countenance. nall has been thoroughly cleansed, so that Sleep nine hours a night and an hour a no loose skin or hard particles adhere to day. Decline to worry. Wear smoked the sides or base, in order that no hanges, instead of scowling flercely at the distinguish things afar off. Wash your face in warm water with pure soap once a day and rub it softly with flannel after

Silk petticoats are to be the only fashionable ones this winter, the necessary warmth being secured by a lining of silk or light flannel. The faint rustle of silk. like the tinkling of ornaments, is considered by many persons to be one of the greatest charms of feminine costume.

The favorite coiffures continue to be simple ones, the hair being waved and ar-



ranged in a knot either high or low, as best suits the shape of the head. The elaborate arrangements seen in hairdressers' models are seldom adopted by women of

Crocheted thread lace is still the popu lar fancy work of the moment. A number of pretty patterns are shown for detached squares, 4 or 5 inches in diameter. These squares are often erocheted of tinted cot-ton and are used in curtains and for other

decorative purposes. Pockets are coming into fashion again. Some of the new capes have them placed conspicuously on the outside, and they

hasque. Now that the time of afternoon teas sphad been wrecked, crushing mercilessly men, women and children who had sought refuge under their solid walls; every Indian hut had been blown away, whole villages swept from the place where they CLOTH COSTUMES.

Tailor Made Gowns and Stylish Outside Wraps.

The new autumn covert cloths are darker in color than those worn during the spring and summer, the tan and gray shades of warm weather being replaced by brown, green, clive and wine tones. These and other worsted fabrics intended for fall and winter wear combine warmth of appearance with lightness and softness. pretty dark plaids are shown, large, but inconspicuous, in two or more tones of the same color, while a line of rough, loosely



woven goods has appeared, also dark, with a boucle effect in bright threads on the surface. There are indications that curly astrakhan cloth will be used as trimming this winter. Its popularity usually coincides with that of boucle goods.

Tailor made gowns have a plain skirt with a silk lining, stitching being, of course, the accepted style of decoration. White linen collars and cuffs are again in vogue as the accompaniments of these severe costumes

An attempt is being made to revive the loose sack form in outer garments, but it will probably fail, for the style is an ugly and disfiguring one. A much more desirable fashion is that of the long tight redingote, which shows signs of coming to the front again. This is one of the few garments becoming to both large and slender women. As for capes, they are too convenfent to be abandoned so long as large sleeves predominate, and their popularity is therefore likely to be prolonged indefi-

Plain skirts are still seen in the majority of gowns, although a recognition of the claims of the draped skirt is sometimes shown by means of plaited panels at the sides or a lace covered tablier. These devices give variety, while they do not add greatly to the weight.

An illustration is given of a costume of brown cloth. The plain skirt has plaits at the side and back and is finished around the foot with five rows of stitching. A stitched strap trims either side of the front at the bottom. The plain round bodice opens over a crossed vest of white bengaline and that again over a cloth plastron. The bodice has a pointed ripple basque jority. Besides those already mentioned and a cloth beit, from which depend two there is an endiess show of checks and stitched straps. Straps also form the cuffs

HANDS, FEET AND HAIR.

Keep the Fingers Rosy, the Feet Warm and the Hair Glossy.

The manicure is an institution useful and proper, but personal attention to the nails and hand is better. The woman of good taste has her finger nail cut exactly to the round of her finger, matching the half moon below and just portraying the tip. It is filed simply to smoothness and rubbed only to remove roughness and marks. A weekly polish with the rose tinted and rose scented salve, washed away with the brush in warm water before finishing, answers all the needs of the pails thus kept, while before the polishing the



COIFFURE

nail can be formed to work or tear down sunlight and the water. Refuse to try to the quick flesh. Every woman who wishes this done can do it for herself.

A simple and often effectual remedy for cold feet consists in substituting fine woolen hosiery for that made of cotton and lisle thread. Many women have a projudice against woolen stockings, but the smooth cashmere weaves have very little of the irritating quality common to coarse worsted and are quite as pretty as thread hosiery, besides holding the color better. They are particularly recommended to persons who go out in rainy weather, as the danger of catching cold from wet shoes is

less when wool is worn next the feet. Fashion is unusually sensible in the matter of footwear just now. Low heels and medium width toes are the rule for street boots, with a vamp long enough to give slenderness to the foot. The Blucher style still holds its own, but should be vorn only by a woman having narrow

feet, as it emphasizes breadth. Tortoise shell articles are to be obtained at wonderfully reduced cost. Large and small combs and ornamental pins, both carved and plain, as well as the ordinary hairpins that many women prefer to those made of wire, may now be bought at almost as low a price as was once charged for the imitation goods. The categan roll of the coiffure in the sketch is held in place by a shell pin like a slender, curved triangle-one of the prettiest, because the most natural seeming of the many styles JUDIC CHOLLET.

A Mustache Over Seven Feet Long. The people of Bellfngton, W. Va., are proud of one of their citizens, whose only claim to greatness is his enormous beard and mustache. His name is Brownplain James Brown—but nature could not hide his identity even in the Virginia mountains, especially after bestowing up-on him such an enormous heard. Brown is 6 feet 1 inch in height, but even his great stature does not hinder his chin beard from trailing on the floor when he stands erect. The mustache is even a greater curiosity than his beard, being exactly 7 feet 4 inches "from tip to tip."—St. Louis Republic.

AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.

LORD WOLSELEY IS THE KIND OF A MAN A SOLDIER SHOULD BE.

England's Great General Must Have Had a Remarkable Vitality to Have Pulled Him Through So Many Encounters with Death-A Record of Wounds.

"I am worth a good many dead men yet," was the characteristic remark of the man when regarded as a "dead un" by the army doctor in the Crimea. Lord Wolseley's remarkable vitality helped him to pass with success through many such experiences, and to impress his mark on the modern military history of Great Britain in a way unequaled by any other soldier since the great Wellington died. The career of the commander in chief of

her majesty's forces in Ireland began in 1852, when, as a young enthusiastic Irish lad, he joined the army as ensign. He at once tasted blood. He passed through the Burmese war, and then returned to England. Few have had Lord Wolseley's luck, and few his ill luck. While he has won more victories than his fellows, so bas he been wounded oftener than most soldiers in his position. His life has been one full of narrow escapes from death.

His first experience was ugly enough in all conscience. Burmah was the scene; and here, while heading an attacking party, young Wolseley saved himself from de-struction by falling into a pit. Then, in the second attempt, he and his fellow officer were each struck in the left thigh by large iron jingal balls. His friend rived but a few minutes, while Wolseley himself needed all his strength in the fight between life and death. He recovered only to meet experiences as hard in the Crimea. His biographer, Mr. Lowe, tells that during the progress of the Crimean war "Captain Wolseley was wounded severely on Aug. 30, and slightly on April 10 and June 7. On Feb. 15 his coat was pierced by a ball; on April 10 a round shot struck the embrasure at which he was working, and his trousers were cut, and on June ? a ball passed through his forage cap from the peak to the back, knocking it off his

"It may be said without exaggeration that he bore a charmed life, for at the termination of the siege, of three messes of four members each, he was the only re maining officer in the Crimea, all the others having been killed or forced to leave through wounds."

It was not without truth that his fellow officers regarded him as possessing more

lives than even the proverbial cat. But these hairbreadth escapes from death were trivial compared to some of Lord Wolseley's other experiences. Outside Sebastopol he was giving orders to two sappers in the trenches, when "suddenly a round shot took off one man's head and drove his jawbone into the other man's face, to which it adhered, bespattering the party with blood." Aug. 30 was a bloody day in the trenches.

A sortie by the Russians, successful for the moment, made it important that the gap opened by the attack should be re-paired. Wolseley and two sappers become the work of repair, but their labor was stopped by the appearance of a round shot, which struck the gabion, "which was full of stones, and striking its contents with terrifle force, instantly killed the poor fellows by his side, the head of one being taken off, while the other was disem-boweled." Wolseley did not escape. Thrown senseless to the ground, he lay for a time as one dead. At length he came to himself, staggered to the doctor's hut, and again fell unconscious. It was then that the doctor said, "He's a dead un." This roused Woiseley, who, turning in his blood, said, "I am worth a good many men yet,"

The young captain's wounds on this occasion presented a shocking appearance. The doctor fancied, after probing the wound, that his jawbone was shattered, but Wolsely made him pull out the substance in his mouth, when a large stone came away. The surgeon then lifted up and stitched the cheek.

Both his eyes were completely closed, and the injury done to one of them was so serious that the sight has been permanently lost. Not a square inch of his face but was battered and cut about, while his body was wounded all over, just as if he had been peppered with small shot. He had received also a severe wound on his right leg, so both his limbs had now been injured. The wound in the left thigh received in Burmah rendered him slightly

Many opportunities have since been given him of fulfilling the instructions often delivered by Sir Hope Grant in China, "Take Wolseley; he will do the work for you." It is certain, too, that he has thoroughly acted throughout life up to his own dictum-that the only way for a young man to get on in the army is to try and get

killed in every way he possibly can.

Three years after the close of the Crimean war Wolseley was ordered to China. Wrecked on the way, he made for India, and greatly distinguished himself in the suppression of the Indian mutiny. For one of his deeds he deserved an honor which every soldier most cherisbes-the Victoria Cross, Lord Wolseley has himself told the story. He was leading the storming party against the Metee Mohul in November, 1857, which opened up the way into the Lucknow residency, when Private Andrews, of his own company, "one of the very bravest private soldiers he knew, fell wounded.

Wolseley at once took the stricken man in his arms and made a rush for shelter. Before reaching a friendly hoase, however, poor Andrews was again shot by a bullet intended by a rebel Sepoy for his rescuer. The end of the mutiny saw Wolseley, at the age of twenty-six, a lieutenant colonel, An experience in China came after, to be followed by his appointment in 1861 as quartermaster general in Canada. Years of quiet elapsed until the Red River expedition and the Ashantee war, when Wolseley became known among the natives against whom he fought as "the general who never stops."

He came out of the Ashantee campaign a major general. A rest of five years brought him to the wars in Zululand, the Egyptian campaign, Tel el Kebir and a peerage, and, in 1884, the war in the Soudan, when he was only forty-eight hours too late to save General Gordon,-Million.

The Horse Is Useful Even if Dead. The whale can be put to a great number of uses when dead, as can also the horse, the various parts of which are utilized as follows: Hair of mane and tail for haircloth. stuffing mattresses and making bags for crushing seed in oil mills, etc.; hide and skin tanned for leather for covering tables, etc.; tendons used for glue and gelatin; flesh for food for dogs, poultry and man; fat used for lamps, etc.; intestines used for covering sausages, making gut strings, etc.; heart and tongue for food; hoofs for gelatin, prussiate, fancy snuff boxes, etc.; bones for knife handles, phosphorous, su-perphosphate of lime and manure; blood for manure and shoes for reuse or for old iron.—Spare Moments.

Tutelary Trees. Ancient people had their tutelary trees just as they had their tutelary gods—the former being the altars and shrines of the latter. Among the Scandinavians the ash was held to be the most sacred tree. Serpents, according to their belief, dared not approach it. Hence the women left their children with entire confidence under its shade while they went on with their harvesting.—Gentleman's Magazine.

She Got the Place. A young woman of this city with some literary taste, prompted by a commendable desire to become self supporting, set out to find congenial employment upon some one of the Chicago dailies. Resolutely she knocked at the door of each, but in vain. All the places were filled and no prospect

of a vacancy. Nothing daunted, she made a list from the directory of all the publishing houses and trade papers, determined to persevere until success crowned her efforts. One by one these places were visited, until finally, when she had nearly come to the end of her rounds, she found a most agreeable gentleman, who, in bland voice, inquired the object of her call "I desire editorial employment upon your

paper, sir," she said, "I should be glad to engage your services," replied the gentleman pleasantly, "but I fear you could not possibly meet the requirements of an editor upon my paper. We are specialists, and ladies do not usually inform themselves upon our

"I don't know about that, sir. Indeed I feel that I can write upon almost any subject. Although young, I have had considerable experience."

"Doubtless, miss, but, you see, ours isis—a—a hog paper."
"Well, sir," she spoke up bravely, "It's quite true that I haven't read very much about those very interesting animals, but I have an uncle who has reared quite a

number of them, and I guess he could post me for the position." She got a place, and a good one. Such perseverence always wins,-Chicago Mail.

Did His Duty.

An old gentleman on the Rochester and Pittsburg railroad anxiously inquired of the conductor whether the train stopped at a little crossroad town on the line. It did not, and the old man seemed very much disturbed in consequence. "What am I goin to do?" he asked

mournfully. "Did you want to get off there?" a sympathetic passenger inquired.

"No; but you see I've got a box of clothespins that I wanted to leave off there for my

"Why, you can drop them off the rear platform," said some one; and as they approached the little town four or five people followed the old man out on the year platform of the train, where he descended to the lower step, and as the train sped past a shanty he leaned forward until the alarmed conductor grabbed his coat tails. The box struck the end of a log, and a couple of gross of clothes pins shot into the air as though fired out of a gun, and scattered like shot from the muzzle of a bell pointed blunderbuss.

For a moment the old man was a picture of perplexity, but when he looked back up the track and saw his "darter" and grandchildren had witnessed the mishap and were hurrying out with the evident intention of picking up the scattered merchandise he turned and entered the car, and glancing with an amused expression at the laughing passengers he said as he took his seat, "Well, I'm glad them pins are delivered."-Harper's Young People.

One of Moore's "Bulls."

Sitting after dinner one evening at Sloperton cottage, the conversation turned on the Irish antitude to "bolls."

what is it?"

"By the way, Mr. Moore," said a young Englishman, "I've found you out in an Irish bull " "Indeed," said the guilty poet, "pray,

"Oh," said young Literal, "in that song of 'The Watchman' you say in the last "And see the sky-'tis morning-

So now indeed good night. "Now of course 'good night' in the morning "Upon my word," said an old gentleman,

"I never observed that bull before."
"Nor I either," said Moore gravely. To do justice to both parties we shall give the verse of the song in question: Again that fearful warning!

Had ever time such flight? And see the sky-'tis morning-So now indeed good night. The watchman having himself bawled out, "Past 12." "Past 1." "Past 2," at length

calls, "Past 3," and the startled lover sings the above "Good night."-Westminster Re-

Giving Alms. On a recent morning, while a number of men were seated near the front door in a Broadway wholesale dry goods store, an old but neatly dressed German woman entered. She carried an open basket containing boxes of wax matches. She looked deserving and honest, and one of the men bought a box from her. While she was making change the door opened and a one armed beggar entered. He looked dirty and dissipated. He appealed to each man separately, but in vain. As he turned to go out the woman stopped him, took a cent out of her basket and handed it to him. He took it readily enough and passed on She calmly picked up her basket and followed, leaving the men to regard each

other in wonder. "Is that a put up job?" asked one. He jumped up and looked out of the door. He could see the beggar coming out of a store a few doors above. The woman was going down Broadway.-New York

A Milk White Lake.

Herr Thoroddsen announces that he has found "a very long lake," stretching from the margin of the mighty glacier which forms the western side of the Vatna-Jokull, in Iceland. It is milk white, from the glacier water of which it is composed, and has been named the Langisjor. The scenery around it is described as very beautiful, though the discoverer adds that "vegetation is quite absent."

On the other side of the chain which ter-

minutes the lake in the south there is an extensive plateau, on which was seen the glitter of a large water course, probably the Skapta, and far to the south some great lava stream, dating probably from the 1783 eruption.-Chicago Tribune.

An Explanation. In the year 1836 the nurora borealis was seen one night as far south as Wiltshire. The inhabitants of a certain village assembled to witness the unwonted spectacle. Many were the inquiries as to what it was, when a weman exclaimed, "Do thee send for our Jock, he's a scholard; I'll be bound he'll gie un a neame!" When Jock arrived he looked upward and said, "Oh! its only a phenomenon!" "There," said the de-lighted mother, "didn't I tell 'ee he'd gie un a neame?"—Notes and Queries.

A Question of Etiquette Settled. In a Bowery museum there is a "congress of lady pie enters," and they are depicted on the "oil painting" outside its eagerly devouring great segments of pie without the aid of either knife or fork, a fact that ought to settle the vexed question of etiquette, how a lady should est pie.—New York Tribune. Tea For Neuralgia.

"Nothing." says a physician who has been experimenting in diets in his hos-pital, "brings peace to the sufferer from malarial chili equal to that which comes from strong coffee, with a little lemon juice added." The same authority pronounces tea almost a specific for neuralgia

in its simple, uncomplicated form. Where His Interest Lay, An Irish counselor was asked by the judge "for whom he was concerned?" He answered, "I am concerned, my lord, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."—Exchange.

When Mr. Whymper was in Quito he received a polite message from his excellency the president of the republic, expressing a wish to see him. Accompanied by Mr. Hamilton, the British minister, Mr. Whymper obeyed the summons. The president received him without formality and with much cordiality, dismissing a visitor -a colonel in the Ecuadorian army-to the

farther end of the apartment. The president became interested in Chim-borazo—"I should have thought it was 30,-000 feet high at the least," he said, and asked for a description of the ascent. This Mr. Hamilton proceeded to give him. Mr. Whymper continues:

Finding himself in want of a blackboard and seeing nothing more like one than a black chimneypot hat which was on the table, Mr. Hamilton used it to illustrate the spiral ascent, and excited my admiration by the vigor and accuracy with which he traced our route as he drew a deep furrow through the shining nap to show how we sank in the snow.

While this tete-a-tete was progressing, the president leaning forward on his elbows, intently following Mr. Hamilton's discourse, I noticed a movement at the other end of the room, and glancing around found that the colonel was writh-

ing in agony.
It was his hat, and haof exploding with supp. . age at seeing his Sunday headgear used as a black-board for "that wretched gringo." He glared and scowled, and seemed ready to spring forward and assassinate all three

Mr. Hamilton was quite unconscious that he was raising a storm, but the president noticed my glance, and turning his head perceived the state of affairs. His smile caused our minister to look up, and he dropped the hat.

With grim humor-which I fear made the colonel go over to the revolutionary party-the president requested Mr. Hamilton to continue, as he was much inter-ested, and then by a few slight touches, which fortunately went in the direction of the nap, the ascent was completed .-Youth's Companion.

A Scal's Skir.

If we look at a lady's sealskin jacket, we at once observe its rich brown color, and the velvety softness and denseness of the

fine bairs composing it. If this be compared with the coarse, hard or dry salted skin at imported, or, still better, with the coat c' the living fur seals, one is struck with the vast difference between them, and wonders how the coarse, oily looking, close pressed hair of the live animal can ever be transformed into the rich and costly garment above spoken of.

Passing our fingers among the hairs of the cat or dog, we may notice fine short hairs at the roots of the longer, coarser general covering of the animal. This is so called under fur. But in the greater number of animals the short bairs are so few and often so fine as to be, comparatively speaking, lost sight of among what to our eyes constitute the coat.

The remarkable feature then in the fur seals is its abundancy and density. The operation which the skin undergoes to bring out, so to say, the fur, may be briefly described as follows:

The skin, after being washed free of grease, etc., is laid flat on the stretch, flesh side up. A flat knife is then passed across the flesh substance, thining it to a very considerable extent. In doing this the blade severs the roots of the long strong hairs, which penetrate the skin deeper than does the soft, delicate ones under the fur. The rough hairs are then got rid of while

the fur retains its hold. A variety of subsidiary manipulations in which the pelt is softened and preserved are next gone through.-Exchange.

"Speaking of the brain power of antmals," said H. E. Martin, "reminds me of an incident I witnessed while living at St. Joseph. A neighbor of mine had a large Newfoundland dog, which did the marketing for the family. His mistress would give him a basket, put in it a note and send him to the grocer or butcher. On the day in question he was carrying home a fine roast, and half a dozen curs were trotting at his side trying to get their noses into basket. He turned his head, first to one side then to the other, growling flercely,

Finally his patience gave way; he put the basket down and sailed into the hungry "But while he gave battle to some the others made off with the coveted prize, When he realized that he had been despoiled he looked the very picture of de spair. He sat down by the empty basket and howled like a schoolboy that had lost his circus ticket. He took up the basket and walked home at a snail's pace, put it down on the porch and fled under the house, where he remained all day, despite attempts to coax him out."-St. Louis

but they were not to be thus intimidated

Globe-Democrat.

The New York Girl. There are no women in the country who can touch the New Yorker on the question of dress. With her, dressing is an art, the toilet a sacred rite. Her conversational powers are not of the highest order, but they are fine, nevertheless. A real New York girl of society, who has been brought up in the atmosphere of society, who loves it and lives for it, is generally a remarkably good

She is keen, supple, ready to lead the con versation or to follow when the lead is given by another. She can be amusing, at times almost witty. The way she covers up her ignorance and makes the most of the meager smattering of knowledge she possesses is little short of miraculous. The third attribute for praise-her self possession, her extraordinary savoir faire-is admirable.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Stormy Weather for Billiousness. G. S. Whitslar, general agent of the Graham & Morton line, tells of a class of lake travelers which he frequently encounters.

"There are people," he said, "who come to the office and ask if I think there is going to be a storm. If I tell them such are the indications they buy tickets. Now, most people want to avoid the lake when it is rough. I have asked these people why they always wanted to travel in rough weather and they have told me that it agreed with them. That is, they believe that a night on the lake, on a rough sea, relieves them of biliousness. They watch the wind, and as surely as it is a nor easter they buy tickets. That is their medicine. It would astonish you to know the number of such people in Chicago. I used to think it was a kind of fad with them, but they come so often that I have concluded that they believe in it."—Chicago Tribune.

A Judge of Sermons.

A clergyman in Scotland invited Bishop Selwyn to preach in his church. As usual his londship gave an impressive and beau-tiful sermon, which at the same time was perfectly plain and simple. The rector vas delighted and, said as much on meeting one of the most regular members of his congregation.

"Well, sir, I don't think so much of it." rejoined the man; "it was so simple any child could have understood it. For my part I like a sermon which confuses your head for a week. I don't know any which beat yours for that, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

A Fashion Note.

It is whispered about among the select fashionable circles of Willie boys in Lon-don that side whiskers are to be the correct thing in face foliage as the season ad-

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